

# The Wave

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Crisp  
crashing  
cold

an interlude  
from you

The pebbles  
pulled back and  
forth  
like side stepping nails  
white froth

an interlude  
from you

The sun like  
A camellia  
for her  
Crisp  
Cold  
drops  
flicking on her face.

An interlude  
from you.

